20c per copy
$2.00 " year

JULY, 1949

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Where the Mind Is Without Fear . . .

Rabindranath Tagore

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high;

Where knowledge is free;

Where the world has not been broken up into
fragments of narrow domestic walls;

Where words come out from the depths of truth;

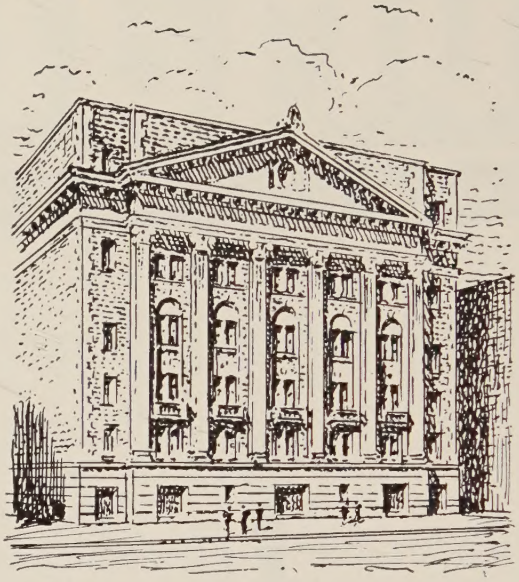
Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection;

Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into
the dreary desert sand of dead habit;

Where the mind is led forward by Thee into ever-widening
thought and action—

Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake.

(From "One Thousand Beautiful Things"—Barrows)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist
PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXVI **July, 1949** *Number 4*

"WHY SCIENCE AND RELIGION ARE ALLIES"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago
December 12, 1948

FOR thousands of years when science and religion were both young and in a somewhat primitive stage, there was, undeniably, a great conflict between them. In that far away period of the world's history where the mysteries of the cosmos were of such a character and of such a quality that the immature and somewhat uncivilized mind of man could not possibly interpret them, superstition, mythology, and fear grew up within the designations of religion, and what natural phenomena could not interpret and explain, man, in the crudity of his early mental processes, attempted to explain by some fact or interpretation of God, or gods. The whole history of it is most interesting, particularly in the light of the present, but as civilization advanced and man decreased the areas of his own ignorance of the cosmos, of which he was a part, man not only discarded his infantile and childish concepts of God and religion, but he also was able to bring a more rational and basic faith of the universe, of himself, and of God. Only immature minds are now concerned about an assumed conflict between the truths of science and the truths of religion. They do not concern, in this hour, any first rate mind I know. The people who are confused and are constantly reiterating that there is a conflict between science and religion are immature minds; they give evidence in conclusion after conclusion that they have intellectual limitations and the horizon of their understanding is shadowed by the fears and superstitions of their hearts.

It was in the early years of the nineteenth century that the great era of materialism took form in the thinking world. That was the era that produced Hayden, and Darwin, and Wallace, and the other great materialistic-minded scientists who were concerned with rationalizing a universe to the extent that they could read any supernatural influence out of that universe. The direct result of that was a conflict and a warfare between ecclesiasticism and truth. While that conflict has subsided in certain tendencies and areas, in other quarters it still persists, but I still re-

peat what I have long accepted, *THAT BETWEEN TRUE SCIENCE AND TRUE RELIGION THERE IS NO CONFLICT! THEY ARE BOTH GROUNDED IN A FUNDAMENTAL REALITY.* That fundamental reality can only be comprehended in the light of the sense of the eternal. It is impossible even for one highly sensitized to intellectual processes to explain that reality, without admitting that there is a cosmic range which requires a mind accustomed to furthering itself beyond that which can be demonstrated and there comes a moment when it is necessary to walk by faith. To me, that conflict between science and religion does not exist. I have only the greatest and deepest admiration for the achievements of science. It does not require very much penetration for any mind to comprehend that it is a long way from the era, in the evolution of man, when man believed that the universe rested upon the back of a turtle, and at the same time thought that it was the highest form of apostasy for one to ask the question, "But what does the turtle rest upon?" As long as the mind of man was content to accept an interpretation of the cosmos and an understanding of God on the basis of his own petty fears and superstitions, that was another problem. That has passed out, as I said a moment ago, I think, from any first rate mind. Where fear and superstition exist in religion they remain the appendages of an outgrown thing, like the appendix of the human body that can create a great deal of trouble, and sometimes death, but in itself is of no significance to the unity of the physical structure. Fear and superstition are the relics of man's infantile experience in attempting to explain the universe in terms of his own comprehension.

When man looked over his shoulder and saw his shadow, religion was born. When man looked into the face of the nearest, dearest, and most loved one and realized that the body was there, the heart, the lungs, the whole structure was there, but life was not there and he experienced the presence of death, then man started his long pilgrimage toward the comprehension of God. When man faced the mystery of the cosmos he found no adequacy for the explanation of that mystery within the confines of his own individual range, and thus it came about that man, through his mind and his heart and his soul and his spirit, through the centuries, has used as refinements the processes by which he is able to establish and rationalize science and his own adventures into the realm of the unknown.

It is interesting now to observe what a great many have said about religion who are not theologians, for sometimes when one thinks out of one's own field one makes a contribution which, because another may be too close to that field, he, himself, might miss. Therefore, I have been interested quite recently in an attempt to validate my own position, theologically and philosophically, in regard to religion, by explaining to myself the ever-growing tendency toward a deep and fundamental faith that I have discovered in what some of these men have been saying.

One of the finest intellects and probably the most civilized mind the western world has been able to produce is that of Alfred Whiteside. Alfred Whiteside is the author of one of the most monumental books of this era called "The Adventure in Ideas," in which he said that *"Religion is a sense of the eternally concrete."* I like that definition although it has philosophic implications which might stand in the way of some minds who would not be capable of appreciating its profundity.

"Religion is a sense of the eternally concrete." Something expressedly real, something that has identity and validity—"the eternally concrete." That is the definition of the great philosophic mind of Alfred Whiteside. *IT IS NOT ENOUGH!*

The great psychologist and the great philosopher as well, Havelock Ellis, who wrote that interesting and fascinating book called, "The Dance of Life," has said that *"Man goes on his way weeping, loving, laughing, dying, and on the way he occasionally stops and expresses a sigh; he takes a deep sigh in the midst of the experiences of life,"* and Havelock Ellis, the great psychologist says: *"That sigh is religion."* That has an interesting implication. *IT IS NOT ENOUGH!*

My friend, Professor Hayden, former head of the Department of Comparative Religions of the Federated Churches of Chicago University, says, *"Religion is a sense of the eternal synchronization of life, and anything which has the power of unifying is essentially religious,"* and then he sums it all up by saying, *"Religion is the co-operative quest for the good life."* I rather like that; that too, has implications. *IT IS NOT ENOUGH!*

What is the most unexpected source from which we could hear an opinion in the area of religion? George Bernard Shaw, the man who wrote that delightful essay on "Attending Church," and who said that he never attended a church when anyone else was there; that he went to church when the church was empty and sat alone. Bernard Shaw, probably the most scintillating, brilliant, analytical, penetrating mind alive in the world today, the inexplicable George Bernard Shaw, when someone asked him what religion was, replied: *"Anything which unites mankind is religion."* That too, has implications of attractiveness to the intellectually emancipated minds, but *IT IS NOT ENOUGH!*

Now, if we admit, as I do, and in accordance with my thesis, that there is no conflict between true science and true religion, what is the matter, and what do we say at a time when the interest in religion, based upon loyalty to ecclesiastical institutionalism, is passing out? The churches of Great Britain are being emptied. The churches of America, with but few exceptions in some of the metropolitan centers, are empty of people. There is a progressive lack of interest in what people have thought of as religion. There are those who interpret that lack of interest as something which has happened to the human personality. They are laying it on to sin, on to this and that; they are seeking for all forms of excuses to account for the lack of interest on the part of people. Then there is the extreme group that is attributing it to the failure of the church itself and the failure of theology of the modern day to meet the demands of the hungry modern heart, so that there is nothing to feed the human soul at an hour of insecurity and turmoil. It is quite true that religion has always been pretty largely a crisis matter. People wait until, as individuals, they are in a crisis; nations wait until they are in a crisis, and people have sought the solace and comfort of religion pretty largely on a crisis basis, until, when the crisis is non-existent, the need for religion is always less. Then there is less manifestation of interest on the part of people in religion.

That, to me, is only a part-time explanation. It is worthy of consideration, but it is not sufficiently dignified with truth to become a dogma. *IT IS NOT ENOUGH!* It is not enough to say that religion is something for a crisis; but when we look out and see what the world of science has done, it

does not require very much intellectual projection to anticipate what science will do. I think that in the next twenty-five or fifty years there will be greater achievements in every field of scientific discovery and invention than there have been in the last one hundred years. I happen to be one of those who think rather definitely that we have not even scratched the surface of electronic energy. I think that every coal mine in the world will probably be sealed up in a quarter of a century, and every oil well useless. I think we are on the threshold of a great achievement of mastery and control and projection of electronic energy. I think in ten years it will be absolutely disgraceful for anybody to die of cancer. I think it will be disgraceful for anybody to die of degenerative diseases. The mind of man in the line of electronic energy has just started its quest, and within the next fifty years . . . . and how I would like to live thru them! . . . . . there will be a complete industrial, social and political revolution throughout the civilized world, and that industrial, social and political revolution will be natural, logical, practical and evolutionary, until the youth born today is facing a cosmos such as man has never heard or dreamed of even as recently as 250 years ago.

THAT IS NOT GOING TO READ OUT OF THE UNIVERSE THE FACT OF A PROGRESSIVE, CONTINUING, INTEGRATING PRINCIPLE IN THAT UNIVERSE: THAT IS GOING TO AFFIRM IT! THAT IS NOT GOING TO DENY THE REALITY OF GOD, IT IS GOING TO ESTABLISH CONVINCING PROOF OF THE EXISTENCE OF GOD! No revelation from the laboratories is a denial of the continuing principle of the cosmos. Every achievement of science is an affirmation, not a denial. The larger the universe, the more penetrative it becomes by the mind of man, the larger is the concept of God that exists, for the more intricate that concept becomes the larger intellectual understanding will it require, and the greater the God we will discover. When man had a little God, he was the creature of fear and superstition. That was the time when malaria swept out half of Egypt. They bowed to their gods and asked the gods to banish malaria. The gods were helpless to banish malaria. It was only when science came that malaria was banished from Egypt and a civilization was restored. So it was with the infiltration of all the germs and the tragedies that have happened to mankind. It was science that came to man and revealed this universe, and in the revelation man left his superstition and his fear and found himself a part of the cosmos in which he himself partook of the nature of God, affirming the classical story of his own creation when we are told "God created man in his own image." When man feels the exultation of being made in the image of this eternal life principle, then man becomes a co-partner with that creative principle, and his universe becomes larger, and more beautiful, and more powerful. Only to minds controlled by outgrown tradition and superstition are science and religion enemies. Science deals with the quantitative aspect of the universe; religion deals with the qualitative aspect of the universe. Science sets the pattern, establishes the physical environment in which the body and the soul of man can function in the society of which he is a part, but religion creates the sense of value.

There comes a place where science and religion can walk side by side, and then a place where science must leave the companionship, for man and his soul must continue the way without it.

Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick once

made a substitution: it was a remarkable idea. "Science is my shepherd, I shall not want" . . . and see how far you go. Science can do this with the physical mechanistic world, but there comes a time when the heart, soul and spirit of man needs the qualitative balance of life, and science cannot give that. It is not "Science is my shepherd, he leadeth me . . . Science leadeth me"—that is not the attitude, for we come to the time finally when we approach that experience 'tho I walk thru the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." That, science cannot do.

That is born of man's creative faith in the continuing principle of what our French philosopher calls, the "Elan Vital"—the continuing spirit of the cosmos which knows neither fear nor death, which is not conditioned by the time-space consciousness of a physical world but belongs to the area of the limitless sweep of the spirit and the soul!

A larger universe only means a larger concept of God, and the mind of man, devoid of the materialistic mechanics of fear and superstition, can penetrate with the sweep of the ages the heart and the soul of the universe. I never believed more in science than I do today; and I never believed more in God.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday Morning Services.....11:00
Broadcast WJJD
Dr. Preston Bradley has been the pastor from the beginning of the church in 1912.
Sunday Evening Services.....7:30
Sunday School.....9:30 a.m.
Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Supt.
Wednesday Evening Book Lectures
.....8:00

* * *

The Church services and Sunday School are discontinued for the summer. The Sunday Morning Services are resumed September 18th, as well as the Sunday School.

The Wednesday Evening Book Lectures are resumed November 2.

The Sunday Evening Services are resumed November 6.

* * *

Though regularly scheduled meetings of the various clubs and organizations of the Church are discontinued during the summer, some summer activities are carried on and these may be ascertained by keeping in touch with the corresponding secretaries or other officers of the various groups, whose addresses will be found under Church Directory at the back of this magazine.

* * *

DR. BRADLEY TO PREACH IN THE BRITISH ISLES

For the benefit of those who have relatives in England and Ireland, Dr. Bradley has the following definite commitments made for the summer:

July 10—Dr. Bradley preaches in Highgate Church, 66 Avenue Road, Highgate, London 6, England.

July 11—Dr. Bradley gives an address in Church of the Divine Paternity, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England.

July 17—Dr. Bradley preaches in All Souls Church, Elmwood Avenue, Belfast, Ireland.

July 19-24—Dr. Bradley attends Congress of International Association for

Liberal Christianity and Religious Freedom in Amsterdam. His address: Care of Rev. Dr. S. van der Woude, 57 Reynier Vinkeleskade, Amsterdam, Holland. Later, Dr. Bradley goes to Czechoslovakia, Germany and France.

TO KEEP IN TOUCH WITH EVENTS CONCERNING DR. BRADLEY'S EUROPEAN TRIP, SUBSCRIBE TO THE LIBERALIST NOW.

NOTE: Because we must go to press on the 15th of June for the July number of The Liberalist, no articles by Dr. Bradley covering his summer European tour will be available until the August number.

* * *

CLUB NOTES

The Woman's Club elected the following officers for the 1949-1950 season: Mrs. Walter A. Stehle, Pres.; Mrs. Ethel Wilbur, V.-Pres.; Mrs. Walter Flandorf, Rec. Sec.; Mrs. Paul H. Raabe, Corr. Sec.; Mrs. James Coughlin, Treas.; Mrs. John Powell, Philanthropy Chrmn.; Mrs. Glen Thomson, Program and Public Relations Chrmn.; Mrs. C. R. Swanson, Ways and Means Chrmn.; Mrs. William Emrich, continues as Finance Chrmn., and Mrs. Jacob Tolk, as Membership Chrmn.

Appointments made to date for Committee Chairmen are:

Civil Service: Mrs. F. C. Klemp
Garden: Mrs. C. T. Randall
Conservation: Mrs. James Patterson
Veterans' Service: Mrs. W. A. Winbaugh
Legislation: Mrs. W. H. Holmes
Moving Pictures and Radio: Mrs. Charles Roberts
International Relations: Miss Cornelia Hartshorn
House and Property: Mrs. H. B. Hunter
Club Woman: Mrs. C. R. Swanson

During the summer club tours are in prospect, as well as group-sewing for the Bazaar.

* * *

The Professional and Business Woman's Club elected the following officers for the 1949-1950 season: Miss Grace Rozanski, Pres.; Miss Mary Nordstrom, V.-Pres.; Miss Joanne Plett, Treas.; Miss Elsie L. Sykora, Rec. Sec.; Mrs. Roxanna Martens, Corr. Sec.

A Board Meeting of the Officers and Past Presidents was held at the home of Miss Grace Rozanski, the President, on June 7th, at which plans for the coming year were discussed and committees were appointed.

Miss Mary Nordstrom, Vice-Pres. of the club and Program Chairman, and her sister, Esther Nordstrom, Vice-Pres. of the Preston Bradley Auxiliary of the Mary Bartelme Club, are sailing for Sweden on July 5th, on the "M. S. Gripsholm," from Pier 97, New York City.

* * *

HORSE SHOW

As the July number of The Liberalist goes to press, Miss Ruth Kruskopf, President of the Preston Bradley Auxiliary, reports that prospects for a very successful Horse Show are definitely certain.

The Preston Bradley Auxiliary is joining with all the other auxiliaries of the Mary Bartelme Club in sponsoring this Benefit Horse Show, at Oakwood Stables, Devon and Dee Road, in Park Ridge.

There will be two performances on Saturday, June 25th, and two on Sunday, June 26th—four performances in all, at 1:30 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. of both days.

Childrens' Events will be specially featured at the afternoon performances,

with prizes and trophies awarded to winning entries.

Tables will be available for picnic lunches and Fiesta Costumed girls will serve refreshments at booths in gaily colored tents.

A special "brunch" will be served exhibitors and committee members on Sunday at the Arlington Park Jockey Club, preceding the matinee performance.

* * *

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

On Thursday night, June 16, The Uptown Players presented the program for Pilot Club International at the Hotel Sheraton. This club is an organization that was formed in 1921 for the purpose of doing community welfare work—a woman's organization similar to the Rotarians, Kiwanians, Civitans, and Lions. It started with a small group of four girls down in Macon, Georgia, and has grown into an international organization, one of the biggest of the civic and community women's groups in the country.

The cast for our part of the program included such veteran actors as Howard Cox, who played the part of the father; Shirley Sholl, who will be remembered for her fine performance as Mary McKinley in "John Loves Mary"; Brianne Birkett, who gave such an outstanding performance as Catherine Winslow in "The Winslow Boy"; also Merle Cureton and Colleen Lewis, two neophytes. The cowgirl quartet, representing the great event when the club held their national convention in El Paso, Texas, was made up of Mary Clarke, our Secretary-Treasurer; Connie Stephens, our Production Chairman; Anne Crawford, our Social Chairman; and Frances Hausler, our Production Assistant. J. Bradley-Griffin did the narration of the show. We especially wish to mention the work done by Roland Mattison, George Gairing, Mary Holmberg, and Dave Sivewright who worked backstage and handled the lights. The Uptown Players feel that it has been a distinct privilege to have been selected to present the pageant depicting the history of this world famous organization.

During the past year we have had a very busy and successful season with our extension work. Since June of last year we have filled the following engagements:

June, 1948—"Night of January 16th"—for the Junior Chamber of Commerce of Evanston, Illinois.

October, 1948—"Night of January 16th" for the Waukegan Kiwanis Club, Waukegan, Illinois.

December, 1948 — "Life With Father" for the Optimist Club of Elgin, Illinois, to raise funds for a Christmas party for the orphans at Larkin Home.

January, 1949—"You Can't Take It With You" for the Parents of the Band of Lincoln School, Cicero, Illinois, to provide a scholarship. "You Can't Take It With You" for Central Lions Club of Chicago, presented at the 11th Street Theatre.

February, 1949—"You Can't Take It With You" for the American Legion of Harvey, Illinois. "You Can't Take It With You" for the American Legion of Hammond, Ind.

March, 1949—"You Can't Take It With You" for the Exchange Club of Racine, Wisconsin.

April, 1949—"John Loves Mary" for the Havlicek - Lincoln Schools PTA, Berwyn, Illinois.

May, 1949—"The Winslow Boy" for the Cicero Kiwanis Club, Cicero, Illinois.

June, 1949—"The Winslow Boy" for the Optimist Club of Rockford, Ill.

One of the greatest thrills a little theatre director experiences is watching

(*Continued on page* 10)

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.....Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....Associate Editor
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY.....Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON.....Business Manager

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR — TWENTY CENTS A COPY

Published on the First Day of the Month

Address All Communications to

THE LIBERALIST—941 LAWRENCE AVE., CHICAGO 40, ILL.

We assume no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, articles or poems.

EDITORIAL

ON Monday we celebrate again our Independence Day. Our blessings here in America are so great that unless those who are the recipients of them are willing to assume a self-imposed disciplining, we are apt to grow calloused, and then the first thing we know, our rights are imperiled and an effort is made to destroy them. I think it is this thought which motivated the classic utterance, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

The enjoyment of the benefits of democracy is so great that the tendency often is to think only of our rights. We sometimes become demanding and assertive about them. That we have certain rights is a well established fact, but it isn't enough to enjoy them complacently. We have also a sense of obligation to the community and to the nation—an obligation that requires us sometimes at our inconvenience and discomfort to espouse causes and to raise our voices in behalf of some efforts and against others which if they prevailed would destroy the very rights which we enjoy. This has ever been the difficulty in a democratic society. If we are not continuously on the alert against those influences and activities which have as their ambition the destruction of freedom and liberty for people, we will find soon our liberty gone.

Democracy does not fail. In fact, there has never been a failure of democracy yet, any more than there has of religion. These great fundamental truths never fail. It is *we* who fail them. We fail democracy and we fail religion. This means that each of us, of whatever creed or faith, or race must be constantly on guard lest special interests and particular groups attempt to create hatred and discord, and undermine the very freedom which we all enjoy.

Democracy implies sacrifice as well as enjoyment. Ever since the wise and good men scattered along our eastern seaboard felt the necessity of incorporating a statement of rights into the Constitution itself, they have stood as the fundamental law of our land, the hope of all mankind. They were never

more significant than in this hour. It is to be regretted that these fundamental rights, which have always been a part of our government, should be taken for granted until some great emergency arises.

It is only a century and a half ago when these Amendments to our Constitution were finally adopted, and the action of the State of Virginia made these first ten amendments a part of the fundamental law of our nation. Every school child knows the contribution of Washington, and he also knows that Robert Morris is largely responsible for financing the American Revolution. With our government utilizing every opportunity in an appeal to those who share the benefits of the government to help the nation financially, public recognition should be given to men who in a similar emergency knew exactly what to do, and had the courage and patriotism to do it. They stand out with increasing lustre as examples for us today. They staked their all upon the altar of their nation. Washington had very little to gain, and everything to lose; had the colonists been defeated he probably would have died a prisoner in the Tower of London; but lands and wealth and money they knew had only meaning when with them existed side by side freedom and liberty. That is the issue today; wealth and position have no meaning for us unless we remain free people. It was precisely this attitude that made it possible for all Americans to rally to the principle of the rights of man in this hour, and in every other, in which liberty has been assaulted and freedom assailed.

There are no rights without a corresponding duty and responsibility. The Bill of Rights does not imply, and I believe it was never meant to imply, that we are to enjoy them, demand them, possess them, without our doing something and being something to entitle us to their benefits. There have always been those who want freedom and independence and yet who never assume any obligation. We can have no liberty until we are ready to assume the responsibility of liberty. In a very true sense, there isn't any such thing as "personal independence." You may be prosperous, you may be successful, but if you are, it is only in proportion as others have helped to create your position. There is no such thing as living life victoriously alone; there is no such thing as failing alone. No one institution can fail without in turn influencing every other institution of similar character. No one can succeed in any of the professions or activities of life without directly, or indirectly, influencing every other person of similar activity. There are many people in this world who want to be free but who refuse to pay the price of freedom.

Freedom was never more costly than it is today, and it was never worth more. When you analyze the real problem of democracy down to its finality, it can be stated simply, concisely and in terms which a child can understand, for the one problem of free government is to maintain economic and industrial opportunity for all, while freedom and liberty are preserved at the same time. That is what the Bill of Rights has been doing, and that is what it will do. No man can do what he likes. Doing what we like to do is not freedom; the free man is the man who obeys the law and conforms to the principles of liberty; and in 1941 the Supreme Court of this land acted upon two different occasions in upholding the Bill of Rights, when they declared the "Okie" laws of California and 27 other states, as being wholly out of step with the Bill of Rights.

These laws sought to prevent from

entering the various states non-residents who were poor and penniless, and the Supreme Court of this nation held that the poorest citizens of this nation had a right to go where they pleased as long as there was no violation of society's laws. And as late as the very moment when the international gangsters of Japan, acting under the command of the super-bandit of human history, were attacking our nation, the Supreme Court held under the Bill of Rights for the freedom of the press, and of speech, and that the Los Angeles Times had a right to make critical remarks on Court decisions. Where, in all the annals of dictator-controlled nations would you find the highest tribunal, in the face of an outraged public opinion, holding definitely and decisively a Bill of Rights? Nowhere, except in those nations and among those people who are grounded in the spirit of freedom. That is America's answer and that is America's hope, and that is America's way, and it is for this very thing that Americans have given their lives.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

(*Continued from page 7*)

his people grow and develop and finally get a break on the legitimate stage. Mr. Bradley-Griffin had this experience many times this past year. Most outstanding were Duane Thorsen, Tony Mockus, and Ralph Meeker. Duane Thorsen was a member of our permanent company at the Luzern Garden Theatre last summer. He played the part of Yank in "The Hasty Heart," our opening production last summer. This was to be followed by "The Late George Apley," in which Duane was scheduled to play the title role. The night of dress rehearsal he received word that he was cast for a part in the Conrad Nagle show, "For Love or Money," due to open three days later. When that show closed, Duane went into the cast of "Mister Roberts" and is now playing summer stock in the East. When he left the cast of "Mister Roberts" his role was taken over by Tony Mockus, who is still playing at the Erlanger Theatre in Chicago. Tony was also a member of our permanent company last summer and one of the finest all around actors we have ever had. The greatest thrill of all, however, came when we received the news that Ralph Meeker had been cast in the role of Stanley Kowalski, opposite Uta Hagen in "A Streetcar Named Desire." Ralph was with us during the early days of our own theatre on LaSalle Street. He played in "George Washington Slept Here," "The Torchbearers," "Theatre," and "Distinguished Gathering."

And so it goes—and we say "Au Revoir" until October when we'll all be back ready to begin afresh with a new schedule of plays and more opportunities for ambitious boys and girls, men and women to prepare and work for and be ready for the great moment that came to Ralph Meeker. Remember, if you are interested in working with The Uptown Players, either acting or backstage, just drop us a line and we'll be happy to notify you of our first auditions in the fall.

A TRANQUIL HOME

I REMEMBER that some time ago a very good columnist said, in an American newspaper, "What this country needs is a good dose of tranquility." And that is certainly true. And where should tranquility start but in the home? Nowhere, perhaps, is the atmosphere of a home reflected so truly as in children. The teacher in our schools has the opportunity to observe this more than does anyone else. I had a teacher tell me not so long ago that she could almost always judge correctly the atmosphere of a home by the child's demeanor. We work, work, work for happiness in all this complicated, intricate, complex business of living, and we are tyrannized until we squeeze all the spontaneous joy and simplicity out of life.

One of the loveliest memories of my life is the simplicity and tranquility of my childhood. What would you think of spending a Sunday afternoon or Sunday evening at home, singing around a piano. We had an old square piano, and Mother could play and Father had a pretty good tenor. Sister could carry the lead, Mother could sing, too, though none of us knew a note, and I was around for ballast; and the happiest hours of my life were singing together around that big old square piano. We never had heard of a radio then, and we had no player piano and had never heard of a juke box—thank goodness for that! We just gathered around the old piano and sang, and then Father would go down cellar and bring up a pan of hickory nuts and walnuts, and some fine Northern Spies or Baldwin apples. Sometimes we would pop corn. Does anybody pop corn these days at home, and just have a good time popping corn or cracking hickory nuts or walnuts? Does anybody do that any more?

We hear people talking about the disappearance of the American home, and so many people ask me what can be done about it. Well, as I think of my home in a little Michigan village, I don't believe my parents ever heard of "Child Psychology." But my Mother and my Father never lied to me once. My Mother never made me a promise she did not keep. When she said she was going to do something, or I was going to do something, I knew exactly what she and I were going to do. I had that kind of a Mother. She never lied or broke her promise to me, never once, nor did my Father. I think that is the basis of pretty good child psychology. You don't have to be specifically trained or educated to understand that. It is just reasonable and sensible. They neither one of them had to punish me physically. I was disciplined by being reprimanded a little bit; but my Mother and Father were basically integrated in the responsibiilty of parenthood, and to my dying day I shall owe something to them both that I can never, never repay.

I went home from school one day and my Mother said to me: "We are going to the lecture tonight." They had a lecture course in our little village hall. It was held in what they called the Opera House. I never knew why, for we never had an opera. It seated about 150; they had kerosene lamps for footlights and it was heated by a couple of round stoves. When Mother said "There is to be a lecture and we are going," I said, "Mother, I don't want to go and hear any man talk—I don't want to go to any lecture." My Mother looked at me and said, "We are going," and I knew that that was what we were going to do. I did not throw any tantrum, I did not stamp my feet or put on any hysteria. I knew

it would not do any good. We went.

I can see that man across the years this morning, standing on that little platform. He wore a long Prince Albert coat such as preachers and undertakers wore. Do you know what his subject was? "Play Ball!" He made a great lecture comparing life to a ball game. I sat there for the first four or five minutes and then I thought, "What is this?" I had expected to be bored stiff. Pretty soon I sat a little closer to the edge of my chair. I was looking right into his face. It was wonderful, and the hour passed like five minutes, and he closed and said, "Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for listening to me." Why, I could hardly move, and my Mother walked down the aisle, and I can see her today, as she looked down at me, and I looked at her, and she said, "My boy, it would be the happiest moment of my life if I could see you on a platform or pulpit speaking like that man spoke tonight." And I replied, "Gee, Mother, it would be great, wouldn't it?"

We went home, and way back of the house there was a stone pile; stones that we had gathered for the foundation of a new home some day. It was a lovely evening, the moon was shining, and it was shimmering down through the trees onto this stone pile. I stood on the back steps of my home and suddenly, in my imagination, the stones became alive and were an audience of people, and I straightened up and started making a speech to that stone pile, under the inspiration of that moment. That man and that inspiration came into my life, because my Mother said, "We are going to a lecture tonight," and we went. I went on and on with that speech, and later in life that was one of my Mother's favorite stories which she told of me. The man who gave that lecture, remembered by many listeners, was Dr. Henry Clark. In later years he became a member of my church before his death, and I preached his funeral sermon, also his wife's and his daughter's. He came into my life in a moment and my life was changed —and all because I knew I had to obey my Mother. When I think that I might perhaps touch the life of some youngster so that he might grow into manhood and a maturity that would reflect the dreams and hopes of his mother, that his life might count in a world that needs lives-that-count, more than it needs anything else in the world, then I have no phrases, no sentences, that could ever frame my love and appreciation for a tranquil, beautiful home.

I often think there is no more beautiful word in our language than the word Home and all that it stands for. It stands for a background in each person's life, and no finer service can be rendered in a chaotic world than to provide a beautiful home for the younger generation—the future citizens of this world. And a beautiful home need not be expensive—perhaps it is only two or three rooms; it might even be one room. A card was sent me by the Unity School of Christianity, which attracted my attention immediately. It contained some Beatitudes for a Housewife. They were written by Mary Oesch, and I want to share them with you. I believe that sharing the good things of life that come our way is one of the secrets of happiness. Here they are:

"Blessed is she whose daily tasks are a labor of love; for her willing hands and happy heart translate duty into privilege, and her labor becomes a service to God and all mankind.

"Blessed is she who opens the door to welcome both stranger and well-loved friend; for gracious hospitality is a test of brotherly love.

"Blessed is she who mends stockings

and toys and broken hearts; for her understanding is a balm to humanity.

"Blessed is she who scours and scrubs; for well she knows that cleanliness is one expression of godliness.

"Blessed is she whom children love; for the love of a child is more to be valued than fortune or fame.

"Blessed is she who sings at her work; for music lightens the heaviest load and brightens the dullest chore.

"Blessed is she who dusts away doubt and fear and sweeps out the cobwebs of confusion; for her faith will triumph over all adversity.

"Blessed is she who serves laughter and smiles with every meal; for her buoyancy of spirit is an aid to mental and physical digestion.

"Blessed is she who preserves the sanctity of the Christian home; for hers is a sacred trust that crowns her with dignity."

Of course there could be some Beatitudes written for the head of the house as well, and it might be an interesting undertaking for some one to experiment with writing them.

This poem was sent to me by H. Howard Biggar, of Riverside, whose poems you often see in the Wake of the News:

"The memories of childhood come a-trooping,
thick and fast;
It's pleasant just to linger in the daydreams
of the past.
We think of things we used to do, of folks
we used to know,
Those captivating childhood days we knew
so long ago.
And of the things remembered, the most
precious one to me,
Is that old family album that we showed
to company.

"We had a sort of rev'rence for those faces,
one and all—
The tintype of our Uncle Jim, so soldier-like
and tall;
The sunburned phiz of Cousin Phil, the wig
of Grandpa Brown,
The mustache-types that won the girls in
countryside and town.
Ah me, the clock of time doth race at such
a rapid rate,
I know the pictures that we loved would
now be out-of-date.
Yet I would give the world and all, if by
some hook or crook,
I'd get the chance to see again that precious
picture book."

THE UNITED UNITARIAN APPEAL

Do you realize that we are, as a church, and each of us is, as an individual, an important cog in an integrated Unitarian movement consisting of 350 parishes in the United States and Canada?—that we are a participating factor in each of fourteen organizations financially fed by the United Unitarian Appeal?

Liberals everywhere may well commend our denominational achievement and, in so doing, must automatically commend the work of the United Unitarian Appeal which makes it possible. We mean, for example, the growing churches, the forward-looking staffs and courses of study in the church schools; we mean the publications which mark a new era in liberal religious thought; we mean the ever-growing Unitarian youth groups in schools and colleges as well as the Medical Teaching Missions of the Unitarian Service Committee which increase our strength, knowledge and prestige at home and abroad; and we point to the General Alliance which is becoming more and more the outstanding organization of church women in America. The progress and contributions of groups such as these are significant to all of us who try to be thinking, acting citizens.

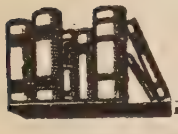
In observing these organizations,

let's remember they are ours! What they have we give them; what they can do for us depends in considerable measure upon what we do for them: they lean on us for money; we lean on them for organization, information, stimulation, counsel—as a port in a storm.

We buy something for *ourselves* when we support the United Unitarian Appeal. What will *you* contribute to a meaningful Unitarian faith? What is *your* response to this responsibility?

Be prepared to give your share.

Mrs. Katherine Smith Ferguson,
Chairman
United Unitarian Appeal Committee



BOOK CHATS

I AM bringing to your attention in this Book Chat a book which has, fortunately, a hopeful and constructive sounding title. It is the book "Road to Survival," by William Vogt. The title itself suggests there is a road to survival. The publishers say the book gives a revolutionary new view of the world—of its multiplying peoples and its wasting riches—which will deepen our understanding of history and change our entire thinking about the future of man.

William Vogt, the author, is a recognized authority on conservation and land usage. He is Chief of the Conservation Section of the Pan-American Union. This alone would interest me in the book, for I can hardly remember the time when I have not been interested in conservation, being one of the original 54 men who were the founders of the Izaak Walton League of America, and for three years having been its national president. Mr. Vogt became interested in the relationship of man to his environment through his studies of bird behavior (for he is a prominent ornithologist), which demonstrated to him the critical effect on life of environmental limitations. As Associate Director of Science and Education for the Office of Inter-American Affairs, and in his present capacity with the Pan-American Union, his work has carried him far afield, and he has found time to prove that he is an extremely exciting writer, in addition to being a careful scientist. He has written for a variety of magazines, from scientific journals to the Saturday Evening Post.

In his foreword, the author tells us that anyone reading this book should share the author's conviction, which deepened evermore as the book was written, of how extremely fortunate we are to be Americans. He hopes he may help the realization to grow, and that with it there will also grow the recognition of the opportunity and responsibility we all have, not only to be effective members of our own national community, but also of the world community. Mr. Vogt says we have not treated our own country well; that only its lush bountifulness has made possible the richness of our lives in the face of our abusive wastefulness. But he thinks we still have much wealth left, and that as we husband it prudently to avert our own rainy day, we must, in human decency as well as in self-protection, use our resources to help less well-endowed peoples. However, he says it is high

time our thinking about such sharing be guided by our heads and not, in Lincoln Steffens' phrase, "with our hips." He says if some readers find the book objectionably critical, he can only hope that, like Latin American friends who have been shocked by his reports on their countries, that they will recognize he is trying to paint an honest picture in colors that will convey an adequate image. If a patient were flushed with tuberculosis, no one would be benefited by pretending it was the high color of robust health. He claims too, and I think quite rightly, that criticism is implicit in progress and that to advance we must re-evaluate in order that we may create.

For material included in this book he has talked with trappers in Manitoba and sheepherders in Patagonia; and, in between, with scientists, labor leaders, fishermen, sea captains, farmers, peasants, millionaires, presidents, cabinet ministers, diplomats, newspapermen, lumbermen, engineers, etc., and from most of them he claims to have learned something. Also, the reading of books and scientific papers too numerous to mention has provided the background for the book.

Bernard M. Baruch has written the introduction to the book, in which he says that the cost of modern war, as well as the cost of peaceful living, has risen so sharply that we have built a structure of indebtedness that is a danger to our entire economic structure. Our outstanding bills comprise national, state and municipal debts, including legal obligations to veterans, and implied promises to pay for growing, government-sponsored social responsibilities. Since our real wealth is drawn from the earth, in always limited quantities, as minerals, food, wood, water and wildlife, destruction of the earth's surface and waste of its products have a cogent meaning that touches the life of every human being. Because of the great abundance of the earth's resources we have taken them for granted. But now, over most of the globe, this book shows we are face to face with a serious depletion of "resource capital." More than one country is already bankrupt. Such bankruptcy has wiped out civilizations in the past; there is no reason for thinking we can escape the same fate, unless we change our ways. Mr. Baruch hopes that our leaders will read this book, and give serious consideration to its analysis of man's situation in his world, for he thinks one of the chief reasons we have let ourselves become involved in such a maze of difficulties is because throughout history we have seldom tried to understand man as a part of his environment. He says it has taken the medical profession more than two thousand years to learn it must cure not the organ, nor even the disease, but the patient:; and we are only beginning to comprehend that it is not enough to improve political and economic systems; but that mankind must reach a sound, healthy relationship with its *total* environment, not only if it is to survive, but also if it is to raise its standard of living, and to give every individual the most complete opportunity to realize his own potentialities.

This book is not dry-as-dust study, but is drawn from wide first-hand experience, to show man as part of his total environment, what he is doing to that environment on a world scale, and what that environment is doing to him. The book deals with the raw stuff of living—"how more than two billion men and women and children—including you and me—are to be fed, and sheltered, and clothed, and whether or not they are to live in peace, tomorrow, and next year, and in the year 1975." Whether you agree with Mr. Vogt in all his conclusions or not, it is impor-

tant that you read this book. But don't think it will be a difficult task, for the book carries the inescapable excitement of discovery. The subject of the book is presented with magnificent force and clarity by a man who is not only a keen-minded scientist, but a brilliantly exciting writer. The publishers of "Road to Survival," William Sloane Associates, tell us that this book *may be one of the most crucial ever written for the survival of mankind. "It is the revelation of the fact that the earth, as abused by man, is unable to support the human race in terms of its most basic need—food."* Yet they say that if Mr. Vogt's book is read by enough people willing to realize that humanity is caught in a situation as real as a pair of shoes two sizes too small, there is hope for a road to survival.

Under the heading "On Our Way," the author tells us: "These suggestions are not offered as a blueprint, nor as a complete program. I do not have the space nor the requisite knowledge to prepare either. Different environments and different times will require varying operations. I have merely tried to outline general procedures based upon many years of conservation work in many countries. I have suggested definite, important, and above all, practicable steps that are so completely within the reach of human accomplishment that they should convince us the task is anything but hopeless. If we will but start to execute these projects we shall have begun to resolve our dilemma. The question remains: Who is to do the job? The ideal answer would be: Everybody. For these are problems that, involved as they are with all human life, require the understanding and participation of as many people as possible, from the humblest shepherd and peasant to the most powerful ruler and fruitful thinker. But action, to achieve full effectiveness, must be organized. The United Nations and affiliated groups can find here not only one of their greatest opportunities, but perhaps the unifying principle they have seemed, at times, sadly to lack. Obviously, much of the responsibility must fall upon national and state governments. However, private persons and private organizations such as foundations must also play their part. Until the march toward disaster is halted and the direction of the procession is reversed, there cannot be too much help."

To me, this book is vitally important and every serious-minded person should give himself the opportunity of the information and stimulation of thought to which this book will lead. Especially would it be vital and valuable information for the young people of this generation, who must be prepared to meet the rapid and dynamic changes of our modern world,—for, as Mr. Vogt tells us, we must accept change, and adjust our lives to it, if we are to survive. The book has a most exceptional and valuable index of some 32 pages, as well as a reference list and reading list, for the author says he hopes the readers will be interested in traveling further along this road of man's adjustment to his environment. Chistopher Morley's comment on this book is:

"One of the most unlayable-down books I ever read. I kept it with me in bed, in bath, and at the board. It deals with human absolutes, and since reading it I haven't been able to turn on a faucet or a gas jet without qualms. This book will give you some of the most valuable anxiety you ever had."

* * *

When I mention the next book which I am bringing to your attention, it may be that some of my readers will feel that I am complimenting their intellectual talents and their taste for literature, for the book is entitled "The Universe and Dr. Einstein." However,

the publishers, William Sloane Associates, Inc., speak of it as "an outstanding example of lucid scientific writing for the layman." And Dr. Daniel A. Poling (who you remember wrote the book "Your Daddy Did Not Die", which he wrote for his grandchildren who lost their father in the war—their father being one of the three chaplains who went down at sea, leaving their life belts for others to use), Dr. Poling calls this book a definitely inspired volume in which science becomes both reverent and (to the layman) understandable. Of course, he says, that last needs some qualification, but he claims that within the pages of this book, the layman begins at least to know that he can never know the ultimate mystery and why. And he believes the book is destined to be a best-seller in the non-fiction field and a permanent contribution to the library of science and religion.

The author of this book, "The Universe and Dr. Einstein," is Lincoln Barnett, a thirty-nine year old native of New York. Educated at Horace Mann School and Princeton, he received his master's degree from Columbia University of Journalism in 1932. He was a reporter on the city staff of the New York Herald Tribune from 1931 to '37, and later went to work for Life Magazine, as staff writer and associate editor. In 1946 he left *Life* to devote his time to writing, and a great deal of his thought and effort since that time have gone into this present volume. He and his wife and their eight-year-old son live in Westport, New York, on the shore of Lake Champlain, in the shadow of the Adirondacks—which he says is a spot very conducive to brooding about space and time. There are only 114 pages of the main body of the book, followed by a reading list, an appendix and an index. The book contains a very life-like photograph of Dr. Einstein, and a few photos taken at the Yerkes, the Link and Mount Wilson Observatories, of some of our galaxies of star systems.

Mr. Einstein, himself, has written a short foreword to the book. Mr. Einstein says that "Anyone who has ever tried to present a rather abstract scientific subject in a popular manner knows the great difficulties of such an attempt. Either he succeeds in being intelligible by concealing the core of the problem and by offering to the reader only superficial aspects or vague allusions, thus deceiving the reader by arousing in him the deceptive illusion of comprehension; or else he gives an expert account of the problem, but in such a fashion that the untrained reader is unable to follow the exposition and becomes discouraged from reading any further." And Dr. Einstein contends that "if these two categories are omitted from today's popular scientific literature, surprisingly little remains." And then he adds, "But the little that is left is very valuable indeed. It is of great importance," says Dr. Einstein, "that the general public be given an opportunity to experience—consciously and intelligently—the efforts and results of scientific research. It is not sufficient," he thinks, "that each result be taken up, elaborated, and applied by a few specialists in the field. Restricting the body of knowledge to a small group deadens the philosophical spirit of a people and leads to spiritual poverty." And he believes that Lincoln Barnett's book "represents a valuable contribution to popular scientific writing" and that the main ideas of the theory of relativity are extremely well presented."

It is because I believe there never was a time when the general public felt a keener desire to know more about everything than it does today, that I bring this book to your attention. We

need to expand our thinking. Exercise is good for the brain as well as for any other part of the body. It is healthy to think, and the average man or woman does too little of it. We stand aside and let others do it for us. Has Dr. Einstein stopped thinking? Why, no! Now nearly 70 years of age, professor emeritus at the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, he is currently hard at work on a problem which has stumped him for more than a quarter-century and which he intends to solve before he dies. His ambition is to complete his "unified field theory," setting forth in one series of equations the laws governing the two fundamental forces of the universe—gravitation and electromagnetism.

Carved in the white walls of the Riverside Church in New York, the figures of six hundred great men of the ages — saints, philosophers, kings—stand in limestone immortality. It is noteworthy that Einstein is the only living man in this whole sculptured gallery of the illustrious dead. When the personalities were chosen who should appear in this group, Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick wrote letters to a group of the nation's leading scientists, asking them to submit a list of the fourteen greatest names in scientific history. Their ballots varied, but on every single list was the name of Albert Einstein. From Einstein's first paper, published when he was twenty-six, and from those that followed it, a new perspective of the universe emerged, and it is Mr. Barnett's accomplishment in this book, that this picture can be apprehended by the nonscientific layman. I recommend your reading "The Universe and Dr. Einstein." P. B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

AT long last the day arrived when we were to leave for the North Woods and the little Island home where we have spent so many happy summers. It was Sunday, bright and beautiful, and Dr. Bradley had held the closing service of the Church for the season, ending his thirty-seventh year. The service was beautiful from beginning to end and the Church was crowded. Doctor was kept standing for over an hour and a half after close of service, shaking hands and saying goodbye. Then there was a wedding and two christenings to follow, so we were very late with dinner and getting away. Finally the goodbyes were said to the family, and with our little dog Skippy we settled ourselves for the long drive. It was difficult for hours to relax, however; Doctor still keyed up to the excitement of his closing service, unable to realize he was free from engagements and living on schedule—the year's work finished; I suffering for several weeks with asthma and violent coughings, had scarcely strength to sit up.

It was wonderful to know we were leaving the Chicago atmosphere that

had been for three weeks so full of pollen it was like snow, (the cottonwood trees in particular and catalpas) and I was hopeful that every mile might give me easier breathing. It was delightful to see the country, the green fields, the lovely gardens surrounding farm or village homes—irises, peonies, lilies, roses, everything blooming profusely and in gorgeous color! It gave me my first realization that it actually is summer. Having always gone north a month earlier it is hard to believe I have missed the spring entirely!

We stopped at Sauk City for the night and I was quite comfortable, even then breathing easier. After a restful sleep we were ready to start out at a reasonable hour in the morning. The sky was overcast and we had a few showers, but a gray day is easier on the eyes when traveling by auto, and the scenery was beautiful through the hilly country of Wisconsin and into Minnesota.

It was past sunset when we reached Lake Vermilion but still light, softening into one of the lingering twilights that belong only to Junetime.

The caretaker came across to mainland for us, and it was a happy moment when we again set foot on our little Island which is really home to us. There was a nice hot dinner awaiting, ready for the finishing when we arrived. We were ready for bed soon after—even little Skippy had something to eat then went immediately to sleep and I'm sure he never moved till morning!

The flower gardens are all well advanced and lovely with many things in bloom. The pansy box is filled as usual as a birthday gift from our very good friend, Mr. Nelson, of Virginia, and other flower boxes planted with gorgeous red geraniums and white daisies. Needless to say I greatly appreciate all this. Many of the seeds Jimmie planted when he came up for Memorial Day weekend are coming up nicely. Irises, lilies of the valley and roses are in bloom, always a great thrill for us to see in our own garden!

The Island I might say is almost crowded with birds! Every bird house (and we have many) is occupied, while others build their home nests in bushes and trees. Some of you may remember me telling you summer before last about a veery building a nest in a large pot of ivy on the top shelf of a plant rack on the patio and raising her family there, never seeming disturbed when we ate a meal on the patio. Of course we could not water the ivy, but did water the other plants on the rack; the ivy died later on.

Last summer Lady Veery came looking for her former home-site. Several times she came looking the situation over, but it was not to her liking—there was no large pot of anything like ivy, so she built in a bush near the study. This year the first thing they told me upon my arrival was that the veery had made a nest in a small rustic box made to hold a flower pot. This box was on the middle shelf of the plant stand and no plants have as yet been placed there. Two days after our arrival four little blue eggs were hatched, and ever since, from dawn till dark, Papa and Mama Veery are busy marketing for food for their tiny "quads." In a few days they will be all feathered, and in another few days they will pull themselves up and flap their little wings, exercising them frequently to gain strength—and then they soon will be leaving; we may or may not see them go, usually not. One marvels all this can happen in such a short time!

Only two days more and my husband will leave the Island, going to Denver, then to New York, where he will sail for Europe July first. I shall

try not to think about his going—only about his coming back. In the meantime I shall try to regain my strength and get well! May God be with him every step of the way and bring him safely home to us all!

In the Mail Bag there are some very fine letters. I shall give them to you for perusal now, without further comment, for I've already written too much.

* * *

"Dear Mrs. Bradley: My first meeting with Mr. Bradley dates back to his first start over at the Theatre on Wilson near Broadway; it must be over 38 years ago. Over these many years I've heard his voice radiating and vibrating with sincerity and devotion to all who needed friendly and inspiring advice. He is tops when it comes to lifting people out of the dredges of despair and trouble. Many, many times I've been wonderfully inspired by his constructive and encouraging messages. He never seems to tire of giving us the best that is in him. God, that we had more men like him in the pulpits of this country.

"To me, he has lifted religion out of the mysterious to a better understanding of practical Christianity and every day application to the principles that we learned at our Mother's knees. His value to this city cannot be measured. I hope that God permitting he will continue for many more years of usefulness. . We cannot afford to lose men of his type; they are all too few.

"I have his four books at hand at all times, and when the going is a little rough and I feel the need of a spiritual pick-up, I pick one of his books at random, and in a short time I feel refreshed and encouraged and able again to face life's problems. God bless him, and keep him well and strong, so that he can carry on in that most valuable work.

"This short note comes direct from the heart and I sincerely mean every word. Sometimes I do not feel worthy of touching the hem of his coat; that's what I think of Dr. Bradley.

"I understand from remarks I've heard from time to time, that you've been a big help to him in his work. God bless you, Mrs. Bradley. I can not find words that can fully express my sincere appreciation for what you both are doing, not only to me and my life, but to the millions of people who have been fortunate enough to listen to his heart talking. I feel so thankful for his help to me personally, and my family also feel a deep sense of thankfulness and listen every Sunday. It seems there is a hunger to be satisfied and he has the proper message. Thanks for listening. Sincerely, Elvin A. Shogren."

* * *

"Dear Dr. Bradley: Mrs. Fultz and I will miss you this summer, but we do hope you will enjoy your trip abroad. As you know, my wife cannot leave the house, and just a short time ago when she was in a precarious condition, I think what you said in your sermon did her more good than all the medicine she had taken.

"She was very low that Sunday when you said: 'When you are at the end of your rope, tie a knot in it and hang on.' Believe me, dear Dr. Bradley, that was just the tonic she needed, and within the hour she had showed remarkable improvement. She now says to me 'I will never let loose of the rope!'

"Just today, she was so much impressed with your topic, 'The Little Extra Things of Life,' that the tears came into her eyes and she said, 'I seem to feel as if Dr. Bradley is a part of my life, and if I recover, I think instead of paying the doctors, we should compensate Dr. Bradley for his Sun-

day medicine does me more good than that which I take all week.'

"Let me again thank you for all the 'little extra' your words have meant to us, and to wish you Godspeed on your voyage. Please hurry back home, and again we shall sit by the radio and listen to our great benefactor. We shall follow you in our thoughts until you are home again. Yours truly, Bert W. Fultz, Sr."

* * *

"Dear Dr. Bradley: With a feeling of thankfulness, I look back over another year of association with The People's Church—the help, the inspiration and encouragement to live life on a little higher level—it's wonderful—as are your book lectures and the Woman's Club also. I'm so glad I live near The Peoples Church.

"I hope you have a very fine summer, Dr. Bradley, and return safely to us in September. Sincerely, Edith L. Anderberg."

* * *

I hope you all may have some special pleasure during the summer, and may we all return in the fall, refreshed and with renewed strength and inspiration for the winter. I shall be pretty lonely until the glad return of my husband in August.

Remember the Mail Bag needs filling up, so please write, and KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM!

I BELIEVE IN GOD

By Donald Harrington

(Reprinted from "Our Faith" published by The Unitarian Christian Fellowship. Rev. Mr. Harrington is Associate Minister of the Community Church, New York, and this article is quoted from a recent sermon, "God and the Coming Economic Crisis.")

I believe in God from the point of view of logic, experience and faith. From the point of view of logic, it is simply inconceivable to me that such an orderly universe could exist as that which we see about us without there being behind it and within it a factor or character akin to intelligence. To look upon the seasons and the orderly procession of the stars and not to see the divine intelligence behind them is to me the supreme unreason. It reminds me of a story which I heard about Henry Ward Beecher, the great preacher of the last century, and Robert G. Ingersoll, the famous agnostic.

Beecher, according to the story, had invited Ingersoll to dine with him at his home, and before dinner was showing him his library. There he took down to demonstrate to Ingersoll a marvellous little gadget that had been given to him some time before. It was a miniature mechanical solar system, with the sun, every planet, and moons in exactly the proper position, beautifully wrought in bronze, and when wound, each part would move in exactly the right relation to every other part, as in the larger system described by the astronomers. "What a magnificent piece of work," exclaimed Ingersoll, entranced. "Who made it?" "Nobody," replied Beecher blandly, with a twinkle in his eye. "It just happened."

Beyond the realm of logic, it has been my experience that God is a power that penetrates into every aspect of the universe. This is God's universe; every atom, every electron of it! God is the character of these universal

processes which we see portrayed in sun and star, and in the soul of man and the rhythm of life; the Design behind the laws which govern matter and spirit, and the Force functioning in and through all the life processes. God permeates the life structure as does the leaven the dough of the bread, giving it its character, lift and quality of aliveness. Thus, there is no portion of life which can be successfully understood or carried on apart from the design and functional influence of the Living God. This, in turn, means that we men must constantly be concerned to know God's will for us in every area of the life experience, not only in the church, religion, home, personal experience, but also, and perhaps most especially, in our economic and business life where we have so decisive an influence upon the well-being and happiness of other human beings.

I wish my countrymen to consider, that whatever the human law may be, neither an individual nor a nation can ever commit the least act of injustice against the obscurest individual without having to pay the penalty for it. A government which deliberately enacts injustice, and persists in it, will at length even become the laughingstock of the world.—Thoreau.

* * *

Much remains to conquer still; peace hath her victories no less renowned than war.—Milton.

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

MAY

1—Sunday Morning Service, Peoples Church

2—Address. Policemen's Banquet, Mishawaka, Ind.

3—Attendance Meeting re Chicago Teachers' College

5—Invocation and Benediction Inauguration Delyte Wesley Morris, 8th President, Southern Illinois University. Shryock Gymnasium, Carbondale, Ill.

6—Address. Annual Dinner, Church School, Peoples Church

7—Address. International Cooperative Club
Hotel Sherman

8—Sunday Morning Service
Peoples Church
Mother's Day Address. Warren Ave. Congregational Church
75th Anniversary of Church

9—Address. Closing Luncheon
Woman's Club, Peoples Church
Edgewater Beach Hotel

10—Address. American Spice Convention. Edgewater Beach Hotel. Natl. Convention. People from all over U.S., India, etc., attending. Cut five records WJJD for summer Sunday transcriptions.

11—Cut three addresses for summer Sunday transcriptions. WJJD
Address. American Coverlet Guild Wedgewood Room, Marshall Field's. 25th Anniversary.

12—Cut five records for summer Sunday transcriptions. WJJD.

13—Invocation and benediction, inauguration Dr. Leslie Holmes, President Northern State Teachers' College, DeKalb, Illinois.
Book Review, Lincoln Center, auspices Chicago Public Library (Oakland Branch) Carl Sandburg's "Remembrance Rock"

14—Address. Dinner and Reception, Dania Club, Mr. Peter Reisenhus, aged 90.

15—Sunday Morning Service. Peoples

Church. 25th Anniversary of Radio Broadcasting. Address. "I Am An American Day" Celebration, Congress Plaza. Grant Park.

17—Address. Kiwanis Club. YWCA Bldg. Aurora, Illinois. Paid visit to Mr. Gustafson, radio listener, 87 years old.
Address. Church of the Good Shepherd, Racine, Wisconsin. Church nearly 100 years old.

18—Address. Lakeview and Ravenswood Historical Soc., Hild Branch, Chicago Public Library.

20—Commencement address. High School, Monticello, Ind.

21—Address. Chicago Housing Conference. Roosevelt College.

22—Sunday Morning Service. Peoples Church
Address. Columbia Post, G.A.R. Forest Home Cemetery, Forest Park, Ill.

23—Luncheon. Mr. Joe Godfrey. Meeting of Sportsman's Club.
Address. Closing Meeting, Men's Club, Peoples Church.

24—Address. Kiwanis and Rotary Clubs, Manistee, Mich.

25—Address. Federated Women's Organizations, Manistee, Mich. Visited radio friends: Mrs. Lines, 95; Simon Miller, blind.

26—Commencement address. High School, New Buffalo, Mich.

WEDDINGS

7—Rose Salaba and Louis F. Macek
Rose Meyer and Paul Eshoo

14—Esther Stone and James T. Zito
Diana Casto and Gilbert Sloan

15—Shirley A. Sandelli and Richard M. Bloom

21—Gwynneth Williams and Roy B. Nordheimer
Irene I. Swanson and Harold E. Shipley

22—Selma L. Thorstenson and Eugene R. McCulloch

23—Ann Ouinet and Harry Taylor
Irene May Wendt and Sofus J. Andersen

27—Mary Carroll and Robert Bunn

28—Helen Maslau and Fred Holling
Ella Conlin and Joseph Black
Carolyn Farley and Richard S. Gladwell

29—Mary Virginia Schaffer and Hugh W. MacLean, Jr.
Mrs. Hannah Stork and Joseph Gasperieh

FUNERALS

2—Lena Lynne Orr

6—Julia Van Cleave Fish

10—Mrs. Emma Stein

14—Mrs. Pearl Metzler

28—Mrs. Lucy F. Enke

CHRISTENINGS

1—Robert Arthur Power, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Power
Mrs. Jean Earl Arvidson (Adult)

14—Gregory E. Berg, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Berg

15—Vicki Fay Clinger, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Clinger

29—Marlene Louise Mach, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Mach
Albert Brewton Church (Adult)

DIRECTORY

THE PEOPLES CHURCH, Lawrence Ave., at Sheridan Rd.

Time of Service 11:00 A.M.

Affiliated with: American Unitarian Association, Boston; Western Unitarian Conference, Chicago

PASTOR

Preston Bradley, LL.D., D.D.

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS

H. B Hunter, President
2304 Farwell Ave. (45) Amb. 2-0561
Mrs. J. J. Reynolds, Vice President
5550 Kenmore Ave. (40) Longbeach 1-9160
Thos. A. Harrison, Sec'y-Treasurer
941 Lawrence Ave. (40) Longbeach 1-6878
May H. Harrison, Secretary
941 Lawrence Ave. (40) Longbeach 1-6878

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Gordon L. Davidson — L. E. McCloy
Thos. A. Harrison — John N. Powell
H. B. Hunter — Mrs. J. J. Reynolds
Mrs. A. S. Kredler — William M. Stickney
John F. Langhoff

COMMITTEE—Finance Committee

Mr. Thomas A. Harrison, Chairman
Mr. L. E. McCloy
Mr. John N. Powell

Auditing Committee

Mr. John F. Langhoff, Chairman
Mr. John N. Powell

Church Service Committee

John F. Langhoff, Chairman
All members of the Board assisting

Social Committee

Mrs. J. J. Reynolds, Chr'm.
Mr. Gordon L. Davidson — Mr. Karl H. Lemke
Mrs. A. S. Kredler — Mr. L. E. McCloy
Mr. John Langhoff

Membership Committee

Mr. John N. Powell, Chairman
Mrs. Frank Bryan — Mrs. A. S. Kredler
Mr. Paul Hunter — Mr. L. E. McCloy

Contributions and Pledges Committee

Mrs. May H. Harrison
Mrs. Wm. Emrich
Mrs. H. B. Hunter

Literature Table—Mrs. Frank Bryan

Mrs. Wm. Emrich

Floral Chairman—Mrs. Jacob Tolk

MUSICAL DIRECTORY

Walter Flandorf, Dir. of Music-Organist
1916 N. Lincoln Park West Moh. 4-6231

SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent
5729 Cornelia Ave. (34) Ave. 3-2955
Mrs. May H. Harrison, Treasurer
941 Lawrence Ave. (40) Lon. 1-0472
Mrs. Robert Crosswhite, Secretary
5729 Cornelia Ave. (34) Ave. 3-2955

CHOIR

Howard A. Wentz, II, President
Allerton Hotel (11)
Mrs. Cecilia Murphy, Sec.
Mrs. Esther Nonnenbruch, Soc. Chrmn.
Jacob Tolk, Librarian

USHER'S CLUB

William L. Berglund, President
914 Lakeside Place (40)
Frank H. Schleh, Vice-President
6102 Navarre Ave (31) New. 1-5381
Harold Hansen, Treasurer
2218 Carmen Ave. (25) Edg. 4-5998
Karl H. Lemke, Secretary
3536 N. Bosworth Ave. (13) Bit. 8-3764
James Woods, Sergeant-at-Arms
945 Lawrence Ave.

WOMAN'S CLUB

Mrs. Preston Bradley, Honorary President
941 Lawrence Avenue (40) Lon. 1-6878
Mrs. Walter A. Stehle, President Tow. 3533
6957 N. Keating, Lincolnwood, Ill. (30)
Mrs. E. Wilbur, Vice-President
7738 Eastlake Terrace (26) Hol. 5-6706
Mrs. Walter Flandorf, Rec. Sec.
1916 Lincoln Park West. Moh. 4-6231
Mrs. James Coughlin, Treasurer
5641 Magnolia Ave. (40) Ard. 1-7388
Mrs. Paul Raabe, Corr. Sec.
215 N. Washington St.
Park Ridge, Ill. Pk. Ridge 624-M

Directors

Mrs. William Emrich, Mrs. Jacob Tolk, Mrs. John Powell, Mrs. Glen Thomson, Mrs. C. R. Swanson

THE PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

Miss Grace Rozanski, President
1434 Thome Avenue (26) Bri. 4-6914
Miss Mary Nordstrom, Vice-President
7737 Hortense St. (31) New. 1-7185
Miss Joanne Plett, Treasurer
917 Lawrence Avenue (40)
Miss Elsie L. Sykora, Rec. Sec.
618 Arlington St. (14)
Mrs. Roxanna Martens, Corr. Sec.
1340 Bryn Mawr Ave. (40) Rav. 8-4212

MEN'S CLUB

L. H. Hangel, President
4902 N. Rockwell St. (25) Rav. 8-0462
Harry H. Perry, Vice-President
919 Judson Ave., Evanston Gre. 5-6229
Harold Hansen, Secretary
2218 Carmen Ave. (25) Edg. 4-5998
William Emrich, Treasurer
949 Lawrence Ave. (40) Ard. 1-0983

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director
Studios, 1149 N. LaSalle St. Mic. 2-3105

PRESTON BRADLEY AUXILIARY

Miss Ruth Kruskopf, President
5130 N. Bernard St. (25) Jun. 8-3229
Miss Esther Nordstrom, V.Pres.
7737 W. Hortense St. (31) New. 1-7185
Miss Dollie Kolberg, Sec.-Treas.
4340 N. Wolcott Ave. (13) Gra. 2-4793

GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 187

Miss Betty Boaz, Leader
7637 N. Greenview Ave. (26) Rog. 4-5742

INTERMEDIATE GIRL SCOUT TROOP No. 301

Mrs. Della Goering, Leader
912 Leland Ave. (40) Upt. 8-2282

BROWNIE SCOUT TROOP NO. 630

Vera Swanson, Leader
4337 N. Clarendon Ave. (15) Lak. 5-8708

CHANNING CLUB

Neal Hunter, President
4815 N. Ashland Ave. (40) Edg. 4-6978
Charles Strebel, Vice-President
5217 Belle Plaine Ave. (41) Kil. 5-4124
Gloria Zeman, Treasurer
2711 N. Washtenaw (47) Eve. 4-9135
Jeannine Sparks, Rec. Sec.
852 Lakeside Pl. (40) Sun. 4-9888
Rose Marie Lucas, Corr. Sec.
840 Lakeside Pl. (40) Edg. 4-8871
Stephen Kuhn, Sergeant at Arms
1419 Argyle St. (40) Edg. 4-5729

THE LIBERALIST

WE CAN think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighbor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats."

There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $2.00 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twenty-fifth year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $2.00 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

Subscription Coupon

The Peoples Church of Chicago,
941 Lawrence Avenue,
Chicago 40, Illinois

Please enter my subscription for THE LIBERALIST for One Year, beginning with the current number.

Enclosed find Check..... for $2.00.
Money Order.....

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... **State**.....

DIRECTORY *(Continued)*

"TOWN HALLERS"

Bruno Figura, Chairman
1505 N. Rockwell St. (22) Hum. 6-5474
Lynn Johnson, Vice-Chairman
1629 North Shore Ave. (26)

Ruth Bloom, Secretary
4829 W. Dakin St. (41)
Virginia Fosdyke, Treasurer
4949 N. Winchester Ave. (40) Ard. 1-0641

ANNOUNCEMENT!

☆ NEW EDITIONS OF DR. BRADLEY'S BOOKS NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE

"MY DAILY STRENGTH" AND "MEDITATIONS"

These two handy-size volumes contain page after page of the inspiring messages of Dr. Preston Bradley, just as they were spoken from the pulpit of The Peoples Church of Chicago. Here are help and comfort for the sick in body and spirit, courage for the fearful, hope for the hopeless. Through the fog and darkness of the troubled world, these simple, soul-refreshing messages stand like steadfast beacons lighting "the highway to the stars."

MEDITATIONS and MY DAILY STRENGTH have clear, easy-to-read type and a handsome format. Their size is convenient for carrying in one's pocket. They are ideal for presents and remembrances for every gift-giving occasion.

Send your orders to the church office, 941 Lawrence Avenue, Chicago 40, Ill. Price, each $1.00.

• • • • •

Also Available at The Peoples Church
941 Lawrence Avenue
Chicago 40, Illinois

Dr. Bradley's Books

"NEW WEALTH FOR YOU" $1.00

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

"Mastering Fear"
"Courage For Today"
"Life and You"
"Power From Right Thinking"

Additional Announcement

Dr. Bradley's Album of Records, "Good Thoughts for Today," containing six short talks $5.00

A single record containing "The Lord's Prayer," "The Twenty-Third Psalm," and "Ninety-First Psalm" $1.25